

The farmer's wife is sitting alone
In the dusk of a winter's day,
While over the hills the shadows fall,
And over the meadows gray,
And the cares of many a busy hour
Steal fast from her heart away.

Her eyes have wandered through mist of tears
To the church-yard under the hill,
Where the snow, like the wings of a brooding
dove,

Lies soft and pure and still,
And where her treasures, so long ago,
She laid at the Master's will.

And ah! how oft as the days go by,
She starts, as her listening ear
Has almost caught on the passing breeze
Voices so sweet and clear.
"Tis the angels calling!" she thinks, "Ah me
It is weary waiting here."

The farmer is from his work, at last,
In the dusk of a winter's day,
And he sits him down by his faithful wife,
And she parts his locks so gray,
And looks in his face with a loving smile
That years never steal away.

And back again as her dim eyes turn
To the hills where the shadows fall,
She thinks, "My treasures are lying there.
But he has not taken all,
Since one is waiting beside me still
Till the angels' voices call."

But the weeks are slow, and the aged two,
In the dusk of many a day,
Will watch the shadows come and go
O'er the meadows cold and gray,
Ere they, at the Master's will, may lie
Where their treasures are laid away.

THE MYSTERIOUS PORTRAIT.

In a small but handsomely furnished sitting-room in a London hotel, a young lady was sitting in an easy chair, before a blazing fire, one dreary November afternoon. Her hat and cloak lay upon the table beside her, and from the eager, impatient glances she turned towards the door at every sound of a footstep on the staircase outside, it was evident that she expected a visitor.

At last the door opened, and a tall, aristocratic-looking young man entered the room.

"Harry, what a long time you have been!" she exclaimed, springing up from her seat. "What news have you brought? What does your father say about our—our marriage?" hesitating with the shyness of a bride at the last word.

"Read for yourself, Helen," replied her husband, handing her an open letter, and standing opposite her, leaning against the marble mantle-piece, watching intently the expression of her fair young face as she read:—

"In marrying as you have done, you have acted in direct, deliberate opposition to my wishes. From this day you are no longer my son, and I wash my hands of you forever!"

"Harry, why did you not tell me of this before?" exclaimed Helen, as she read the hard, cruel words, looking up through her tears into her husband's face.

"My darling, what was there to tell! How could I know that my father would act in this hard-hearted manner? I knew that he wished me to marry the daughter of a nobleman living near Marston Hall, and so unite the two estates; but I had no idea that he would cast me off for disobeying his wishes. And even if I had known it," he added, fondly clasping his young bride to his heart, and kissing away the tears from her eyes, "I should not have acted differently. My Helen is worth fifty estates, and as long as she loves me I shall never regret the loss of Marston Hall and its fair acres. But, my love," he continued, more seriously, "there is an end of your promised shopping expedition into Bond street. You will have to do without diamonds, now that your husband is a penniless outcast, instead of the heir to fifteen thousand a year."

"Hush, Harry! Please don't talk like that," she said, hurt at his bitter tone. "You know it was not of diamonds and dress I was thinking. But what are you going to do, Harry?" she continued, laying her hand upon his arm, and looking up sadly into his pale, set face. "You cannot work for a living."

"And why not work for a living?" he exclaimed, in a determined voice. Because I happen to be the son of a baronet, brought up and educated without any ideas or knowledge of business? But I will work for my living, and show my little wife that I am not quite unworthy of the trust and confidence she reposed in me when she placed this little hand in mine," he added, stooping to kiss the small, white hand that rested confidently upon his arm.

It was while pursuing his favorite study of oil-painting, among the famous galleries of Rome, that Harry Marston wooed and won Helen Tracy, a governess in an English family residing in Italy, and the orphan daughter of an officer in the army. Before he had known her a month, Harry, who had been in love—or fancied himself in love—with at least half a dozen different young ladies in as many months, felt that he had at last met his fate.

Delighted at the idea of being loved for himself alone, he had not told of his

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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real position; and it was not till after the marriage ceremony was over that Helen discovered that she had married the eldest son of a Baronet, and the heir to estates producing fifteen thousand a year.

It was not without some inward misgivings that Harry wrote to his father telling him of his marriage, which were then realized by the result, as we have seen by the letter from Sir Philip Marston, which awaited him at the club on his return to England with his bride.

But, full of confidence in his ability to maintain himself and his young wife by his own exertions, and thinking that surely his father would relent and be reconciled to him after a time, Harry troubled himself very little about his lost inheritance; and though their new home—consisting of three small, poorly-furnished rooms in a back street—was very different from the grand old mansion to which he had hoped to take his bride, he set to work cheerfully at his favorite art and tried hard to earn a living by painting pictures and portraits.

But he soon found that it was not so easy as he thought.

It was all very well when he was heir to Marston Hall, and studied painting merely from love of art; but picture dealers, who in those days had been all flattery and obsequiousness toward the young heir, now that he really wanted to sell pictures and sketches, shook their heads, and politely but firmly declined to purchase.

At last, one dreary afternoon, when Harry was sitting in the little room he called his studio, trying to devise some new scheme to replenish his slender purse, the servant opened the door, and ushered a white-haired old gentleman into the room.

Placing a chair by the fire for his visitor, Harry inquired his business.

"You are a portrait-painter, I believe, sir," said the old gentleman, looking at him through his gold spectacles.

"That is my profession, sir," replied Harry, delighted at the thought of having found a commission at last.

"Well, sir, I want you to paint the portrait of my daughter."

"With pleasure, sir," said Harry, eagerly. "When can the lady give me the first sitting?"

"Alas, sir! she is dead—dead to me these twenty years; and I killed her—I broke her heart with my harshness and cruelty!" exclaimed the old man, in an excited, trembling voice.

A strange chill came over Harry, as the idea that his mysterious visitor must be an escaped lunatic crossed his mind; but mastering, with an effort, his emotion, the stranger continued: "Pardon me, young sir. This is of no interest to you. My daughter is dead, and I want you to paint her portrait from my description, as I perfectly remember her twenty years ago."

"I will do my best, sir, but it will be no easy task, and you must be prepared for many disappointments," said Harry, when, having given him a long description of the form and features of his long-lost daughter, the old man rose to depart, and for weeks he worked incessantly upon the mysterious portrait of the dead girl, making sketch after sketch, each of which was rejected by the remorse-stricken father, until the work began to exercise a strange kind of fascination over him, and he sketched face after face, as if under the influence of a spell.

At last, one evening, wearied with a day of fruitless exertion, he was sitting over the fire watching his wife, who sat opposite busy upon some needlework, when an idea suddenly flashed upon him.

"Tall, fair, with golden hair, and dark blue eyes! Why, Helen, it is the very picture of yourself!" he exclaimed, starting from his seat, and taking his wife's fair face between his two hands and gazing intently into her eyes.

Without losing a moment, he sat down and commenced to sketch Helen's face; and when his strange patron called the next morning, Harry was so busily engaged putting the finishing touches to his portrait, that he did not hear him enter the room, and worked on for some moments unconscious of his presence, until, with the cry of "Helen! my daughter!" the old man hurried him aside, and stood entranced before the portrait.

After gazing for some minutes in silence, broken only by his own half-suppressed sobs of remorse, the old man turned slowly around to Harry, and asked him, in an eager voice, where he had obtained the original of the picture.

"It is the portrait of my wife," replied he.

"Your wife, sir? Who was she? Pardon me for asking the question," he added; "but I have heard lately that my poor Helen left an orphan daughter, and for the last six months I have been vainly trying to find the child of my lost daughter, so that by my kindness and devotion to my grandchild I might, in part at least, atone for my harshness towards her mother."

Harry was beginning to tell him the story of his meeting with Helen at Rome, and their subsequent marriage, when the door opened, and his wife entered the room.

Perceiving that her husband was engaged, she was about to retreat, when the old gentleman stopped her, and after looking earnestly in her face for a few moments, exclaimed, "Pardon me, madame—can you tell me your mother's maiden name?"

"Helen Treherne," replied Helen, wondering.

"I knew it—I knew it!" exclaimed the old man, in an excited voice. "At last, I have found the child of my poor lost daughter!"

In a few words Mr. Treherne explained how he had cast off his only child on account of her marriage with a poor officer, and refused even to open her letters when she wrote asking for forgiveness.

"But, thank Heaven!" said he when he had finished his sad story, I can atone in some measure for my harshness towards my Helen, by taking her Helen to my heart, and making her my daughter."

It is needless to add that when Sir Philip Marston heard that his son had married the heiress of one of the finest estates in the country, he at once wrote a letter of reconciliation to Harry; and, after all, Helen eventually became mistress of Marston Hall, in the picture gallery of which no painting is more valued and treasured than "The Mysterious portrait."

Cross-Eyed Bears.

"Mamma, dear," lisped a bright little chick, "which do they find consecrated cross-eyed bears? Do they have 'em in the manger?"

"Why, what do you mean, child?"

"Why, mamma, that kind that they sung about in prayer meeting last night."

That explanation only added to the bewilderment. "Who sung, Margie? What are you talking about?"

"Why, mamma, don't you remember Mr. Dole started something 'bout the consecrated cross-eyed bear?—and I couldn't 'magine what kind of a bear that was."

After a philological explanation and an unsuccessful attempt to get into the litigant's head some notion of what melancholy good people like Mr. Dole may mean by the cross of which they sing in such lugubrious fashion, I fell a musing on the matter,—wondering if, after all, there are not some "consecrated cross-eyed bears" roaming about. It seems to me I have seen some shaggy coats growling around after prayer-meetings, to the terror of derelict Christians whom they delight to make as uncomfortable as possible over certain palpable shortcomings. "You didn't take part to night. You'd ought to take up your cross every opportunity. If you're ashamed of Him, he'll be ashamed of you," said the bear buttoning up his overcoat in comfortable consciousness that one man in that church always does his duty. He trots off in the most complacent mood in which he ever indulges, leaving the weak brother, for whom Christ died, quite furious with himself, muttering to himself, "Of course I didn't take a part. No chance, with those everlasting long prayers and speeches. Ain't I ashamed! Won't come to prayer meeting if I've got to be scolded every time! I'll make myself comfortable at home!"

Curled up in the corner of a snug pew, nicely wrapped in sealskin and velvet, sits another specimen of the consecrated bear, purring softly to herself. She makes a specialty of esthetic culture, so her urbane comments are usually *in petto*,—none the less urbane for that, though.

"What is the use of letting that old fellow call out 'Amen' at every sentence of the prayer! If we must have responses, do let us have the elegant ritual of the Anglican Church. They are carrying a rough set down here, any way. I haven't seen a bit of real point nor any diamonds that were worth any thing since we began to come here. There now! that old woman Green has got to pray! How she whines! I never heard a woman's voice that was adapted to public exercises unless it was Parepa's, or Nillson's, or Charlotte Cushman's, or some of that sort." And so Bearie purrs on, till it is so chilly in her corner you would fancy an iceberg was ensconced there instead of a well-meaning little woman, who sets the ambitious young folks off into a theological sneezing fit, even making those nearest her take their death of cold.

Sometimes a consecrated bear turns his attention to church music. He seizes the organ with a death hug, and cracks it toinders—reeds, bellows, and all. Then he slings the pieces in all directions, no matter whom they hit. If the patient people try to keep Sir Bruin good-natured by letting him have his own way, he pours forth a volume of religious growl that makes the church as cheerless as a sepulcher, to the very lights burning blue. There is no way but to suppress, or, rather, reconstruct him. If he is left to himself, he will destroy his weight in weaklings every season.

Once in a while a consecrated bear goes into the pulpit, and then woe be to the congregation! He boxes right and left, and strikes straight out from the shoulder—never so happy as when he can hear the groans of the wounded. "O mamma," said a little fellow, "but the minister did get awful mad to-day. He made faces, and stuck his eyes out, and shook his fist at the folks, and holled 'd at 'em, but there wasn't one of 'em dare go up and fight him!" This may not be so much of a caricature after all.

Such unskillful bungling do we not seldom make in our best efforts to win souls! He that winneth souls must be wise.

Nowhere does a consecrated bear do more mischief than in the Sunday-school. He may be one who could do a world of good if only he would mind the Saviour's rule to be as wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove. A class near him bubbles over with that inevitable tickle of which small people seem to have been made so full. Not just the thing in Sunday-school to be sure—yet hardly a mortal sin. The bear turns upon the offenders as if he needed all the grace promised in the New Testament to keep him from devouring them bodily. Such people often wonder why they can't help the young people of the church. They want to see the school prosper, but somehow they can't get hold of the work. The fact is the lambs scamper out of the way for dear life when they see one of these bearish folks coming, from the simple instinct of self-preservation. Some one has said there ought always to be two bears in the house—a bear and forbear. These are of quite another order, and they are needed in Sunday-school as much as in the home.

Who can forget Mrs. Stowe's charming picture of the Quaker mother with her gentle "Hain't thee better?" What a contrast with the surly "Go straight along, and do as you're told! We'll see who is to be minded here!" That snarl sets the teeth of the temper, and makes one feel determined to do the opposite of the command, no matter how inconvenient to himself.

If we receive an intimation from any source that there is something bearish or dictatorial in our nature, or even in our manner, let us take it to the Lord in prayer. He can make us gentle and patient, kind and thoughtful of the feelings of those with whom we have to do. Thus shall our usefulness, as well as our personal enjoyment, be greatly increased. —S. S. Times.

Rowland Hill was once requested to preach a sermon on the elect. He promptly replied: "Have the goodness to mark the elect with a piece of chalk, so that I may know them, and I will preach to them." The request was not insisted on.

If you are going to raise shad, plant them in rees.

A Bitter Lesson for Her.

ONE OR THE SCENES THAT MAKE UP A DAY IN THE POLICE COURTS.

A dark-haired, slender young girl, with large brown eyes and a pleasant face, stood at the prisoner's dock in Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday morning. She was neatly dressed, though her attire was well worn, and she stood with bowed head, while an occasional sob shook her slender form. Two other female prisoners stood in the dock with her. The one on her right was a bold-faced woman of the town, dressed in cheap but gaudy finery, bedecked with tawdry jewelry, and evidently familiar with her surroundings. The other was an old woman in dirty rags, which she scarcely held upon her shoulders with one thin and grimy hand. Her eyes were bleared and her face bruised and bloated.

The Judge looked at the strangely assorted trio. Then he said to the weeping girl:

"How is it that so young a girl as you should have come to this?"

"I did not intend to get drunk, Judge," said the girl. "I went to a woman's house and we drank some beer together, and somehow I don't remember what happened after that until I found myself in the cell."

"How old are you?"

"I am going on sixteen, sir."

"Sixteen! how do you like your neighbors? Look to your right, that is your next step. It won't take very long for you to reach that stage if you continue as you have begun. Now look to your left; that is nearly the end, but it is the sure end of the downward path."

The girl sobbed, but said nothing.

"You are young," resumed His Honor. "This is your first offense; I hope it will be your last. You can go."

The girl left the court-room with hanging head, but the woman on the right leered as they waited for their turn. —N. Y. World, Thursday.

Physical Strength of Savages.

As an example of the wonderful strength exhibited by savages, the case of the Dyaks of Borneo may be cited, one of whom, on the march with some English soldiers, exhibited it in a very unexpected manner. The path was a terrible one, up and down steep and slippery hills, so that the Chinese coolies who accompanied them first threw away their rice, and lastly sat down and wept like children. The English sergeant, a veteran accustomed to hard marching both in China and India, broke down at the first hill, and declared his inability to move another step under the load which he carried. Mr. Brooke, who was in command of the party, asked one of the Dyaks to carry the sergeant's burden, and promised him an additional piece of tobacco. The man was delighted with the proposal, and accepted it. He was already carrying food for three weeks, his whole store of clothes, one twelve-pound shot, two twelve-pound cartridges, a double-barreled gun, a hundred rounds of ball cartridges, besides his own heavy sword and spear. So little, however, was he incommoded with this, that he stuffed the whole of the sergeant's kit on his back, and walked off as easily as if the whole load were but a feather's weight.

In Answer to Prayer.

A well known and much esteemed gentleman of this city, who by a peculiar accident became impoverished, was one day not very long since without food in his house for himself and family, though his acquaintances and friends never imagined that he was brought to such distress. He went to his closet and prayed for help, and that very day he received through the post-office a letter containing a \$10 bill. He does not know to this hour nor has he the slightest idea where the letter came from, and he implicitly believes God heard and answered that prayer. The cloud that overshadowed him has since been removed, and he is now employed where he earns a support for his family. —Boston Traveller.

According to old fishermen this is the best year for forced fishing since 1836.

In the new Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploring Fund we read: "One of the few sites in Palestine, the identity of which has never been assailed, is that of Jacob's Well. It is situated a mile and a half east of Nablus, on the edge of the plain of Mukhna, and on the eastern base of Mount Gerizim. Captain Anderson, who examined it in 1866, cleared out the mouth, and was lowered by a rope to the bottom. He found it seventy-five feet deep, of a circular form, with a diameter of 7 feet 6 inches, and lined throughout with rough masonry. The bottom of the well was perfectly dry (in May), but the presence of a small unbroken pitcher proved that water is sometimes found in it. Captain Anderson thinks, however, that the well—into which every visitor throws a stone—was formerly very much deeper. Besides the stones, the debris of a ruined church, built over the well in the fourth century, has fallen in the well and helped to fill it up. An offer has been made by Dr. Nathaniel Rogers, of Exeter, one of the subscribers to the fund, of £50 toward the complete cleaning out of this well, so rich in Scriptural associations. The committee have accepted his offer, and propose to perform this work on the return of the survey party. It is estimated that an additional £50 will be required for the labor, making £100 in all; and it will be expedient to have the work superintended by the English officers of the Fund. When cleared out, however, steps should be taken to prevent its being filled up again, and the committee would like to surround the mouth of the well with some sort of memorial stone work, the nature and design of which will be a matter of careful consideration."

Barnum and Charlie Ross.

The preliminaries of the agreement between Mr. Barnum and Mr. Ross, Charlie's father, were as follows: The idea of offering a reward for Charlie first occurred to Mr. Barnum when he was in Philadelphia two years ago, but he decided not to countenance any condoning of the offense. Lately, however, the idea has been growing upon him that the persons who have had the child in custody since the death of the original abductors must find him a burden on their hands which they would be glad to get rid of for money if they could be sure that they would escape exposure. These parties being only accessories after the deed, there would be little or no harm in giving them their safety for the return of the child. Mr. Barnum having no connection with the Ross family, could best negotiate with those holding the child while helping himself to keep before the public. Accordingly he telegraphed his offer to Mr. Ross, and requested him to visit him at Bridgeport, and the two men met there for the first time, May 11, 1877. Mr. Barnum's proposal then was that he should offer the reward as proposed, and if the boy was secured some arrangements should be made for exhibiting him by which Mr. Ross should have a share of the profits, and thus, perhaps, restore the estate of \$6,000 which he has spent in the search. Mr. Ross made no answer at that time, but returned to Philadelphia to consult with his wife and her brothers, who are quite wealthy, and met Mr. Barnum in Springfield on Friday to accept the offer, with the condition that, if the boy is found, it shall be discretionary with the family to reimburse Mr. Barnum or to arrange for the child's exhibition, but in no case is any other exhibitor to have the privilege, and Mr. Barnum agreed to the terms.

Recipes for Curing a Taste for Liquors.

At a festival of one of our reformatory institutions, a gentleman is reported to have said, "I overcame the appetite by a recipe given me by old Dr. Hatfield, one of those good old physicians who do not have a percentage from a neighboring druggist. The prescription is simply an orange every morning half an hour before breakfast. 'Take that,' said the doctor, 'and you will want neither liquor nor medicine.' I have done so regularly, and find that liquor has become repulsive. The taste of the orange is in the saliva of my tongue, and it would be as well to mix water and oil as rum with my taste." The recipe is simple, and has the recommendation that it can do no harm even if it does no good. —Boston Journal of Chemistry.

When a Russian army officer or other person of note is condemned to exile in Siberia, he is first made to kneel on a scaffold before the people, while the epaulets and decorations are torn off, and his sword broken over his head. He is declared legally dead, and his wife, if he is married, can, if she chooses, consider herself a widow. His estates are confiscated to the Crown. If his wife and children follow him they can never return.

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 receipt of five cents.

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

On Sunday, the 13th ult., at the 10:30
 A. M. service in St. Ann's Church, New
 York, Rev. Mr. Sylve assisted Rev. Dr.
 Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Krans, the Rev.
 Mr. Chamberlain being at St. Stephen's
 Church, Philadelphia. Rev. Mr. Sylve
 preached from St. Luke, 17th chapter.
 20th and 21st verses—"the Kingdom of
 God is in the heart." Rev. Dr. G. read
 his manuscript. At 3 P. M. Mr. Sylve
 conducted the service for deaf-mutes, gra-
 ciously alluding to the death of Mrs. Sophia
 Gallaudet, the news of which had just
 reached the rectory by telegraph. Rev.
 Dr. Gallaudet was ministering to deaf-
 mutes in Greenpoint and Brooklyn that
 afternoon, at 2:30, giving the Holy Com-
 munion to Mr. B. Clarke, his sister and
 aged mother, and conducting the 4 P. M.
 monthly service in St. Mary's Church
 immediately after the Bible Class of Miss
 E. D. Clapp.

Training Teachers of the Deaf.

It is no secret, we suppose, that teach-
 ers of the deaf and dumb are no excep-
 tion to the general run of things, which
 admit of classification into good, bad and
 indifferent. Judging from certain public
 remarks made, notably a paper, read
 before an audience of doctors in England,
 and the article of Mr. J. H. Logan, in the
 April *Annals*, which article, by the
 way, was one of the papers read before
 the Conference of Principals in July
 last, the bad and indifferent teachers are
 in a considerable majority, or we would
 hardly have seen the subject of Normal
 schools for their benefit, brought into un-
 welcome prominence. We say *unwelcome*
 because it is by no means pleasant to
 own all that is implied in the cry for a
 Training School for Teachers. It places
 the pioneers in this department under
 the necessity of calling a spade a spade
 and something worse.

Curiously enough the cry from both
 sides of the Atlantic has gone up almost
 instantaneously. In England it is the
 Articulationist, who want a Normal
 school; in America it is their opponents.
 So far England is ahead. The people to
 whose notice the want was brought are
 principally members of the medical pro-
 fession. They have assumed the respon-
 sibility of the supply, and at last accounts
 were in a fair way to organize with a cap-
 ital of \$20,000. Here in America a
 Convention paper and a magazine article
 will probably be the beginning and the
 end. In discussing the paper at the Con-
 vention, Dr. Peet, representing the great
 New York Institution, having a year
 before divided his corps of instructors by
 two, under a system which he supposed
 would insure *permanence* in the *person-
 nel*, had nothing to say in favor of the
 plan, but considerable against it. For
 ourselves, we think certain of his re-
 marks extremely wise. The seeker for
 additional information will find in the
 preface to his *Language Lessons* the
 opinion, that the book is one which may
 safely be committed to inexperienced
 hands; it needs no special training on
 the part of the instructor to teach it.

Principal Fay, of the Ohio Institu-
 tion, a school, by the way, than which
 no better can be found, explained the
 practice in that institution by which raw
 material was converted to its proper uses.
 The system of instruction is such that
 the new teacher has abundant time and
 opportunity to pick up knowledge suf-
 ficient to make an experienced man of
 him in a short time. If he fails, the fault
 is on nobody's shoulders but his own.

Other principals, we understand, made
 remarks on the subject, but the record
 does not mention the drift.

We will give a practical instance of
 how one teacher, at least, was put on the
 road to experience and renown.

In the early days of a certain institu-
 tion, while operations were carried in
 dwelling houses, the whole force of new
 pupils were put under the charge of
 Prof. X, with Mrs. Y as assistant. The
 young lady was a "new hand," didn't
 even know her manual letters, and it is
 doubtful if she ever saw a mute previous
 to entering the institution. Well, Prof.
 X got two rooms with a door con-
 veniently located between them; and
 while Miss Y was learning the alphabet,
 he was examining into the intellectual
 possibilities of the fresh brood. In about
 a fortnight he classified them, giving the
 young lady the most promising, and keep-
 ing the duller ones himself. The two
 rooms were so situated that one standing
 up in certain positions could get a good

view of both. So it will readily be seen
 that Miss Y had no difficulty in follow-
 ing Prof. X's general dictation to "Do
 as I do." Every little while the pro-
 fessor would spend an hour with Miss
 Y, teaching her pupils while she sat at
 a desk, a sort of pupil herself, and
 then leave her to put the class through
 the same thing. Of course with the
 dullards Prof. X could not advance
 any faster in new exercises than Miss Y
 with her brilliants could very well keep
 up; and so it naturally came to pass
 that abundant time remained for the
 lady to review previous acquirements,
 and if she had a lapse of memory, it was
 only necessary to glance into the other
 room to obtain the requisite refreshment.
 This course was kept up for some three
 months, when new arrangements com-
 pelled the professor to march off with the
 brilliants into another house, while Miss
 Y was detailed for articulation duty.
 But mark the sequel. The following
 fall Miss Y was placed in charge of a
 class of beginners, and so well had been
 her training the year before that it was
 easy for her to go right along single
 handed, which she did, and over the
 same course she had been before.

But of course there are, and always
 will be, teachers who cannot seize the
 two principles of any system. Such ben-
 efit little by training, actual and practi-
 cal, or special and theoretical. They re-
 main on the outskirts of the corps, until
 some revolution or unforeseen circum-
 stance weeds them out.

Some Important Facts Plainly Stated.

The following was clipped from the
Chicago Times of May 12. It would
 seem that the writer has had a familiar
 acquaintance with the inside workings
 of an institution for deaf-mutes, and the
 practice in many of putting forward at
 exhibitions only the brightest pupils and
 thereby creating false impressions in the
 minds of the public as to the general
 progress. Those equally familiar with
 the subject will also be reminded of the
 quite common practice of training pupils
 with the view of making a good impres-
 sion with examining committees. They
 are made to commit to memory and re-
 peat answers which, if called upon to do,
 they could hardly explain.

CHICAGO'S DEAF MUTES. (To the Editor.)

CHICAGO, May 14.—It has always
 been unfortunate that the State of Illi-
 nois was never divided, so as to make a
 distinct North and South. At least so it
 seems in regard to all legislation for Chi-
 cago. A large number of deaf-mute
 children have been left in the city uncar-
 ed for and unheeded, for a long number
 of years past, except as private interest
 and philanthropy might partially care for
 them. The Jacksonville Institution for
 these deaf children, meanwhile, has
 grown to the large number of four hun-
 dred pupils, and the murmur was raised
 that there was too large a number for
 such a school congregated there, for the
 best interests of the deaf pupils, reason-
 ing from an educational basis. Children
 who have attended school there from
 Chicago, and have graduated, have been
 found to be sadly deficient in the use of
 the common English language. Other
 studies that they have been instructed
 in, the graduated deaf-mutes from that
 famous institution have shown that they
 knew scarcely anything of. Legislative
 parties have been entertained at the deaf
 and dumb institution, and marvelous
 stories have been sent through the press
 of the wonderful proficiency of perhaps
 half a dozen out of the four hundred
 pupils. But from the hundred and
 over pupils sent from Chicago to that
 school, upon their return show no such
 gratifying ability, but on the contrary
 a loose and slovenly use of language,
 scarcely intelligible to a reader of the
 English language, has been an exponent
 of their instruction. Again, cases have
 occurred of sickness of pupils where they
 have lingered in disease and pain and
 the parents notified of the fact at a late
 stage of the disease, and then only to go
 and bear away the form they doubly lo-
 ved on account of its misfortune, to soon
 see it fade in the grasp of death. And
 yet, with all the disadvantages of hav-
 ing this school at so great a distance from
 this populous city, where there are nutes
 enough for a large school, there have
 been as many deaf children left uncared
 for as have been taken away to Jack-
 sonville. Efforts have been made in the
 legislature to obtain small appropriations
 from time to time for these children, but
 the fact that they were unfortunate
 enough to be Chicagoites was sufficient
 reason to reject them and their claim of
 equal rights in the protection guaranteed
 by the State in its charters. A bill is
 now in the House asking a small sum
 as current expenses to conduct a school
 in Chicago for these mute children, based
 upon the absolute needs in the case,
 aside from the large number of children
 who go to Jacksonville. It passed
 through a reading in the house and was
 passed through the state board of chari-
 ties and the committee on education,
 when one of the southern ringsters
 wished to have it referred to his committee.
 There it went and was smothered with-
 out any examination. But thanks to a
 few good working men from Chicago in
 the house, the bill has been recalled from
 the table and is now in the hands of
 friends. Friends to these children in
 the city have become better posted, and
 are determined that they shall be edu-
 cated and taken better care of.

It is gratifying, too, to see that some
 fair-minded men in the senate and house
 are beginning to get the truth into their
 minds, and it is hoped that some speedy
 action will be taken to the end that
 these children, necessarily left in the
 city, may be provided for and educated.

A PARENT OF A DEAF-MUTE CHILD.

—The New York Press Association
 will hold its annual convention in Al-
 bany on the 13th and 14th of June. The
 arrangements in detail will be announced
 at an early day. An excursion to Sar-
 atoga is talked of.

Notice.

Providence permitting, Rev. Dr. Gal-
 laudet will be at the following places for
 the purpose of holding deaf-mute services
 and making oral addresses in reference
 to church work among the deaf and dumb,
 Rev. Mr. Mann accompanying him:

Pittsburgh, Pa., June 10, (Sunday.)
 Delaware, O., " 12.
 Columbus, O., " 13.
 Dayton, O., " 14.
 Newport, Ky., " 15.
 Cincinnati, O., " 17, (Sunday.)
 Louisville, Ky., " 18.
 Indianapolis, Ind., " 19.
 Cleveland, O., " 21.

The friends at the above points are re-
 quested to make this notice as general as
 possible, as there are many living at a
 convenient distance who who would be
 glad to attend the services. Their hear-
 ing and speaking friends might also be
 induced to attend.

A Table, For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, June 3d.
 The Psalter for the 3d day of the
 month.

Morning Prayer.
 1st Lesson—Genesis III.
 2d Lesson—Acts IX, to verse 32d.

Evening Prayer.
 1st Lesson—Genesis VI.
 2d Lesson—1 Timothy VI.
 Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the
 first Sunday after Trinity.

Sunday, June 10th.
 The Psalter for the 10th day of the
 month.

Morning Prayer.
 1st Lesson—Genesis IX, to verse 20th.
 2d Lesson—Acts X.

Evening Prayer.
 1st Lesson—Genesis XV, to verse 19th.
 2d Lesson—2 Timothy II.
 Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the
 second Sunday after Trinity.

The Reviser.

The idea is to gather into this column items
 that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to asso-
 ciations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the
 benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends
 and readers will keep us supplied with items for
 this column; mark items so sent: *The Reviser*.

CHILLS and Fever are patronizing the Kansas
 Institution.

A new steward has been appointed for the
 Ohio Institution.

"Vacation is coming" is the cry heard in the
 deaf-mute land. Yes! and so are the mosquitoes.

MISS ELLEN W. EVANS, of Rome, N. Y., is
 visiting her niece in the city of Watertown,
 N. Y.

MR. CHAS. H. COOPER's mother of Watertown,
 N. Y., has been sick, but was better at last ac-
 counts.

FRANKLIN has a deaf-mute population of 30,000,
 and forty institutions with an attendance of
 1,500.

THE foreman of the shoe-shop of the Illinois
 Institution, has invested in a fine carriage. It
 is a baby carriage.

PROF. T. L. BROWN delivered a two hour lec-
 ture on La Fayette, before the Michigan debat-
 ing society, recently.

THOMAS MCGINNIS and CLARA B. REED, of
 the Ohio graduating class, will deliver the val-
 edictory and salutatory.

A show and menagerie passed through Colum-
 bus, Ohio, recently, and the pupils of the Ohio
 Institution made it a visit.

MISS FIDELIA MORGAN's mother, of Water-
 town, N. Y., has been very sick, but is improv-
 ing rather slowly.

It is muzzling time; which probably accounts
 for the hint of the *Deaf-Mute* to the *Mirror*, that
 every dog has his day.

SPEAKING of base ball in the various institu-
 tions the papers remark that a number of bats
 have been broken. Anything else?

THE Kansas Institution shoe shop made a sale
 of twenty-five pairs of shoes to a neighboring In-
 sane Asylum recently.

IMPROVING changes will occur at the Michigan
 Institution next year, by which the school wing
 will be occupied as per original programme.

VACATION begins at the Central New York In-
 stitution, June 20th, and the annual exhibition
 will be held in the Opera House, June 15.

Forty years ago, the *modus operandi* of a
 foreign teacher of articulation was, when the
 deaf-mute persisted in the use of signs, to bind
 his feet, and tie his hands behind his back.

MISS FANNIE C. BROWN, who was connected
 at different times with the Minnesota and Ohio
 Institutions, died at the Illinois Institution, on
 May 9th. She was filling the position of teacher.

PROF. A. G. BELL's telephone is getting very
 popular. He gave an exhibition of its work-
 ing at a New York hotel recently, and among
 the invited guests was Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet of
 the New York Institution.

MR. C. S. FAY, of Brocton, N. Y., says, "We
 expect to receive a good visit from my old school
 mate, F. DWIGHT TOWNSEND, of Ohio, this week.
 He intends to visit his old friends, SATYLS
 WORKS, JOHN WILCOX and others."

MR. CHAS. O. UPHAM, and MR. GEORGE
 BEANS, of Watertown, N. Y., accompanied the
 firemen's exhibition to Ottawa, Canada, which
 occurred the 24th ult. Mr. CHAS. H. COOPER
 intended to go, but was prevented by his mother's
 sickness.

THE West Virginia Institution pupils had
 three eggs a piece for breakfast on Easter, and
 in the afternoon, the big boys saw the matron
 give the little boys two colored eggs a piece.
 They want to know if that was not an instance
 of partiality. Eggs-actly.

The *Mirror* man hasn't any fear that if his
 three year-old-boy comes in contact with the
 editor of the *Deaf-Mute*, who, by the way, is not
 dubbed Mr. Scissors any more, he will get worst-
 ed. If he is a chip of the old block, we advise
 him to keep the boy at home, and send the office
 devil out to fight.

At the Paris Institution the teacher begins
 with a salary of 2,400 francs (\$450) a year, which
 is increased every four years till it reaches the
 maximum of 3,800 francs, (\$700). And the
 writer from which we glean the information, adds:
 "This is simply ridiculous."

FITZ GREEN HALLECK, the poet, to whom the
 a statute was unveiled in Central Park, New
 York city, a short time ago, lost his hearing in
 middle life, and was so sensitive about it that he
 led a secluded life among his books, earning his
 subsistence by clerking for John Jacob Astor.

OUR thanks are due to our deaf-mute friend
 and schoolmate, GILBERT HICKS of the firm of
 ISAAC HICKS & SONS, proprietors of the West-
 bury Nurseries, Old Westbury, Long Island, for
 a package of Gladiolus bulbs, which are very
 highly prized by our better half.

MRS. NANCY P. SMITH, of Hartford, Conn.,
 who had a slight paralytic stroke last September,
 experienced a second shock a few weeks since
 which was much more severe. She is very much
 prostrated physically, and her mental faculties
 greatly impaired, so much so that she can nei-
 ther communicate with her deaf and dumb friends,
 nor understand their gestures. Physicians ex-
 press no hopes of her recovery.

A DEAF-MUTE friend of ours informs us that
 he knows "Dummy," the news agent of the
 Long Island Railroad, that he would not go to
 school, but preferred to peddle papers, fruit and
 prize candles. He says "Dummy" is a member
 of a Temperance Society, and lives at Jamaica,
 L. I. He has never been able to learn "Dum-
 my's" real name; says he can talk by signs, but
 is not acquainted with the manual alphabet.

A SUBSCRIBER asks as if we know of any good
 place to direct him to open a news depot. This
 village has a population of only from 1,400 to
 1,500, and there is already one in operation in
 connection with the book and stationery trade,
 the latter of which pays him very well, but as
 to selling papers, he does not make much out of
 that part of the business. By inquiring, we pre-
 sume our subscriber will hear of the right place,
 and we hope he will succeed.

"MUM SOCIABLES" are the latest novelty in Can-
 dor. They are conducted after the manner of a
 deaf-mute meeting where signs were used instead
 of speaking aloud. Persons who attend can only
 converse with signs, the first one speaking above
 a whisper must pay a forfeit. This new wrinkle in
 mite entertainments has been patented by a Can-
 dor, lady. But such parties will have their day
 sooner than the results of a temperance crusade.
 Women will object to them, and will not attend
 them, and will be the last of the pantomime
 societies.

PROF. R. J. FARGUHANSON, who is pretty deaf,
 was recently reading an interesting paper before
 an appreciative audience, that not liking the
 low delivery of the professor, called out to him
 to read louder. Still he read low. Several
 members of the association went up and remon-
 strated with him. He waited till they had fin-
 ished and then went on in precisely the same
 tone as before. The body of the house yelled
 for louder reading, but got none, and at last it
 dawned on them that the speaker was deaf. The
 paper was so much importance and interest
 that it was re-read by a good speaker the next
 morning.

COUNTING A BILLION.—What is a billion?
 The reply is very simple—a million times a mil-
 lion. This is quickly written, and quicker still
 pronounced. But no man is able to count it.
 You count 100 or 170 a minute; but let us sup-
 pose that you go as far as 300, then an hour
 would produce 12,000; a day, 325,000, and a year,
 or 365 days, 106,120,000. Let us suppose now
 that Adam, at the beginning of his existence,
 had begun to count, had continued to do so, and
 was counting still, he would not even now, ac-
 cording to the usually supposed age of our globe,
 have counted enough. For to count a billion he
 would require 9,512 years, 345 days, 5 hours and
 20 minutes, according to the above rule. Suppos-
 ing we were to allow a poor counter 12 hours daily
 for rest, eating and sleeping, he would need
 19,025 years, 316 days, 10 hours, and 45 minutes.

We take the above from the *Kansas Star*, and
 although it is credited to no exchange, we sup-
 pose it is some miscellaneous clipping. Before
 it goes further we wish to say a word or two.
 We think the arithmetic of it is, a billion is a
 thousand times a million; and as to the ability of
 a man to count it, let us suppose he counts 200 a
 minute, then counting twelve hours a day, he
 counts 12,000 an hour, and 144,000 a day, and
 52,560,000 a year. To finish counting his bil-
 lion, he would require a little over 19 years, and
 if for every count he was paid a mill, he might
 retire worth a round million of dollars. Be sure
 you are right and then go ahead.

Prof. Job Turner's Mission Work at Sa- co, Maine.

BIDDEFORD, Me., May 6, 1877.
 Truly does my conscience advise me
 not to begin this letter without giving
 your readers some interesting incidents
 of my journey from Gray to this place.
 Yesterday morning as the sun was
 rising above the eastern horizon, Mr.
 Hunt took me to see the White Moun-
 tains which I did to my great delight.
 I could see the snow on the mountains
 as plainly as if they were only ten miles
 distant. You cannot imagine what a
 grand sight it was to me.

Immediately after breakfast I started
 for Saco, after a very pleasant sojourn of
 three days with Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, in
 their own carriage. Mr. Hunt told me
 that we had to go to Portland first as
 business called him there. It was a
 very cold morning caused by a white
 frost. About half a mile from Gray we
 passed a country burial ground, and
 Mr. Hunt pointed to the grave of a deaf-
 mute girl, an alumnus of the American
 Asylum. She died about two years ago.

As we were approaching Portland,
 Mrs. Hunt showed me the place where
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stevens formerly
 lived, but who have moved to West
 Groton, where they now reside. Mrs.
 Stevens' maiden name was Miss Rand-
 alla Sherman of Lisbon N. H. Mr.
 Hunt told me that Mr. Stevens never
 walked on the railroad track while he
 lived in his own house, standing very
 near the railroad.

We next passed a very beautiful coun-
 try seat, the owner of which jumped at
 once from a shipbuilder to a millionaire.
 He bought the hull of an old ship for
 timber, and while tearing it to pieces he
 discovered an immense amount of gold
 and silver hidden therein, and he threw
 his broadaxe into the sea, and retired to
 private life to enjoy his unexpected for-
 tune. Mr. Fessenden, once U. S. Sena-
 tor, married one of his daughters. The
 place where the shipbuilder lived is Deer-
 ing, so named in his honor. He has since
 died.

An exchange says it is a danger-
 ous thing to leave a woman alone in the
 house. The best dresses this spring are
 buttoned in the back. And if she takes
 a notion to go visiting and can't reach
 the two buttons between the shoulders,
 either a suicide or a smashed set of fur-
 niture is sure to be the result.

We stopped about four hours in Port-
 land, where I called upon his honor the
 mayor, who received me very kindly.
 He introduced me to E. Hunt Esq.,
 superintendent of the city public schools,
 who accompanied me to the school for
 teaching articulation, but unfortunately
 it was closed, it being Saturday. I found
 in him a warm-hearted gentleman, and
 he told me that he should always be glad
 to have me call on him at his office. He
 showed me the City Hall, which I found
 much larger than the Worcester Mechan-
 ics' Hall.

I next made the acquaintance of the
 third richest man in Portland, named
 W. W. Thomas, and had a pleasant talk
 with him. He was mayor of the city
 when the New England Deaf-mute Asso-
 ciation met there. He kindly invited
 the meeting to sit in the City Hall free
 of charge. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt know
 him and his lady well. Mr. Thomas is,
 I believe, descended from one of the two
 ministers who were hung at Salem for
 witchcraft. I received a standing invita-
 tion to call there whenever in Port-
 land.

We left the city for Saco early in the
 afternoon, and arrived there long before
 sunset. We stopped at Oliver W. De-
 aring's house, which I found very nicely
 arranged. Mr. and Mrs. Dearing have
 a speaking daughter on the verge of
 womanhood, who can talk very well by
 signs.

After tea I came to this city. I have
 conducted three services to-day. The
 deaf-mute residents of this city and Sa-
 co, worship in the chapel of the Unitari-
 an church. The chapel stands on a hill
 commanding a good view of the surround-
 ing country, and it is a good church for
 deaf-mutes. I had the pleasure of see-
 ing the following deaf-mute listeners at
 my services: Mr. and Mrs. John W.
 Page, of Biddeford, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver
 D. Dearing of Saco, Mr. and Mrs. Au-
 gustus Titcomb of Saco, Hiram P. Hunt
 and wife of Gray, Mr. Daniel Cleaves
 and wife of Saco, Misses Carroll, Ben-
 nison, Moulton, Pike, Bradbury, Hutchins,
 Mr. Charles Patterson and a few others.

There was an interesting prayer-meeting
 at the residence of Mr. Page this
 evening.
 I start for Worcester in the morning
 not only to hear Dr. Gallaudet preach,
 but also to be present at a party given by
 Mrs. Denney to celebrate her fortieth
 wedding anniversary. I have had a very
 pleasant time since my arrival here.

Yours sincerely,
 JOB TURNER.

Philadelphia Notes.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 21, 1877.
 EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—
 Recently I went one evening to make
 a call upon Mrs. Mary Rocap, whose
 maiden name was Parry, at her house,
 and enjoyed a pleasant conversation with
 her for about two hours. I propose to
 write the history of a part of her married
 life for the benefit of your readers.

Her husband, Charles P. Rocap, a
 graduate of the Pennsylvania Deaf-mute
 Institution, was a shoe-maker by trade,
 and saved every cent he could, according
 to the true maxim of Dr. Franklin, "a
 penny saved is two pence earned," till he
 bought a house in Bridgeton, N. J. He
 married Miss Parry a graduate of the
 same institution, and moved there. By
 means of strict economy and diligence,
 he bought a store, and sold boots and
 shoes for himself. After a while he
 bought fourteen acres of land and owned
 a comfortable home. I was shown a pic-
 ture from an ambrotype representing
 him leading a cow by a rope, also show-
 ing two hogs, a dog, some poultry and
 three little boys following him.

About three years ago he was struck
 unconscious by paralysis of the brain
 while sitting on his bench at work, and
 died soon afterwards. He was an affec-
 tionate father and kind husband. He
 left a wife and three children.
 Mr. Rocap left

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Few Thoughts on Regeneration.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—We who use the Book of Common Prayer, believing its wonderful system to be in harmony with Holy Scriptures, quite agree with our friend, Mr. Packard of Salem, that in the case of unbaptized adults faith and repentance must accompany baptism in order that regeneration may be effected to the true life and growth of the soul. In the case of children, we receive them through baptism into membership with the mystical body of Christ, their sponsors promising for them that when they are old enough to understand what has been done for them, they shall cultivate the graces of faith and repentance. If like Esau, any turn their backs on their baptismal birthright, they become dead branches of the true Vine, and will be cut off at the last unless they repent in season. The difficulty in the two different lines of thought is that persons have different meanings in relation to the word regeneration. On one side persons hold that if any one is once truly regenerated he cannot be lost but must be saved. We simply look upon regeneration in Holy Baptism as a wonderful gift from God through Christ, increasing responsibility and privilege, but liable to be lost through neglect. We train baptized children to understand that they must have the true spirit of Christ or they will at length be cast away. We all agree that people who try to live honestly according to the light they have received, and no others, will be saved for Christ's sake.

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS GALLAUDET.

(For the Deaf-Mutes' Journal.)

BY MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

Dedicated to the Editor and Patrons of said JOURNAL:—
This is a beautiful world. Our eyes rest on so many pleasing sights. We take in so much as we look around us. Spring-time has come. The earth has been looked up by winter's icy fetters, but now as we wander forth we see unmistakable signs that the beautiful flowers will shortly bloom out to delight our eyes, to refresh and regale our spirits. What a great blessing is our sight! Then our minds have eyes, we can as we write see so many of our dear friends who take the JOURNAL looking so cheerful as they glance over its pages, and when they find any article from the pen of one of whom they know, just see their eyes as they light up with brightness, and the merry tinkle tells of the soul within. Now, we are going to prepare an article that we hope will interest and please our dear circle of friends composing those who speak the silent language. For you do speak loudly in your intelligent eyes, in your signs and gestures, and we love and admire your native grace and manners, so we say right down from our warm and loving hearts, "God bless you."

The Hidden Hand, or Quiet Doing.

The heroine of our story was one of those quiet, unassuming natures that the world might well be proud of. One that was ever devising liberal things, doing good as she had opportunity.
But few knew the hidden depths of her true, loving heart. Of but few words, yet nothing escaped her vigilant eye. One morning as she wandered forth attending to her daily avocation in connection with household duties, she espied a little wanderer plodding its weary way, looking sad and desolate. All the tender emotions of her heart were stirred, for she well remembered, when at the age of the wanderer, how well cared for she was. A tear soon glistened in her bright, black eye, a silent prayer was breathed out, "That a mantle of love might cover the little waif, and that some earthly helper might reach forth a hand and smooth the life path of that dear child." That earnest prayer God heard, and in his book of remembrance that prayer was recorded. The unknown crossed over to where the child was, and in accents mild said, "Good morning, my little dear, how are you?"

Timidly she looked up, and as timidly the answer came, "My dear lady, I don't know how I do. No one ever asks me that since mother died," and then she wept. Ah, those tears were those burning, scalding tears that infant hearts weep, when struggling all alone; did I say alone? She was worse than alone. She had a father once; he was manly and noble, but he had fallen into habits of dissipation, and was on the downward track. Each day as it came was another day to this weary little one, of sorrow. As she went out into the streets asking for bread, uncombed, unwashed, so many would pass her by, little caring as she implored them for aid, reaching out her tiny hand for help. Dear one, thy onward path seems all dark, dreary, desolate; but there is a hidden hand that soon will be reached out for thee. The prayers of thy dying mother, as her spirit wended its way to the God who gave it, have been registered in the book of life. And lo, in the distance, there is seen one who will minister to thy childish necessities, and after that will lead thee to that one who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for such is the kingdom of heaven."

We read in the Bible of the hand writing on the wall in Belshazzar's palace; yet there are hand writings in the hearts of many; an impress is made; how or why we often times cannot tell. Yet as we go forth, we come in personal contact with some one, that as soon as we see, all the hidden depths of our love natures are stirred, and we involuntarily feel that we must put forth an honest effort to help them, and we do, and are rewarded in thus doing. This was it with the stranger as she arrested the attention of that child. Not another step was taken till she held the cold, icy hand of the deserted within her own. Imperceptibly

the magnetic current of love thrilled the tender heart, and in another moment the thrilling cry burst forth from childish lips, "Oh! mother! mother! do you see this dear, kind lady, acting as if she loved your little Lilla?" There was the Hidden Hand, clasping the stranger hand, and a bond of union was then and there formed that should not be sundered as eternity should roll its endless cycles. Earth hath its ministering angels. The little sufferer had found a friend. Closer and closer she clung to the stranger, till her form was nearly enveloped in the ample folds of her warm winter cloak. The ordinary duties of the day were quickly attended to, and in a short time our little Lilla was snugly ensconced in a comfortable chair before a blazing fire, looking as happy as the little playful kitten on the hearth rug at her feet. Yet in that lovely face there were marks and traces of sorrow, and the story was soon told, for she fell asleep, and in her dreams, she cried out "Mother" so plaintively, that tears gathered into eyes unused to weeping, for old John, the coachman was looking into her face as she slept, and groaned out, "The Lord in mercy pity the child!"

Now, as we have made her so comfortable, and there is a cold storm without, we will leave her to get rested, warmed, fed, and clothed, and next week little Lilla shall again put in an appearance, (that is if you wish to become more acquainted with her history.)

For the Deaf-Mutes' Journal.
The Fairy Isle.

Among the numerous islands that lie off the coast of Scotland, was one called Inch Kyle; it had probably once formed part of the mainland, from which it had been detached by successive inundations of the sea, and had formerly been of considerable extent; but during many years the sea, by gradual encroachments, had spread over the greater part of the island, and at the time the following incident occurred only a small portion remained above the level of the ocean. Many years ago, at what date tradition does not say, the island belonged to the powerful family of M., whose chiefs had a stronghold on it. Near the castle was a chapel and cemetery belonging to the family. It was believed that Inch Kyle had been given to the first chief of M. by a sea fairy, and that the clan would continue to be powerful as long as the island remained. In the course of years the family declined in power and decreased in numbers. Taking part in the unfortunate rebellion of 1745, the Chief was forced to take refuge in France; and the Castle, deserted by its inmates, fell to ruins. When peace was restored the surviving members of the family returned to Scotland, but the greater part of their possessions had passed into the hands of strangers; the island formed part of the small estate then remaining, but was now uninhabited, being a mere mass of rocks, on which still stood the ruins of the Castle. The ancient burial place had long been covered by the waves. It was still, however, the custom to inter the members of the family in the same place. When a death occurred, the coffin was laid on the seashore at ebb tide, the people believing that the sea spirits carried it away to the ancient burial place, now beneath the waves. After placing the coffin on the sands, the people withdrew, as the fairies are supposed to resent the presence of a mortal at any of their assemblages.

At length a stranger came to the neighborhood from the Lowlands, who having traveled as far as England, prided himself upon his superior knowledge. He often ridiculed the funeral rite alluded to, and declared it was both barbarous and impious to leave the dead buried on the seashore, for as to the story of the sea-people, as the fairies were called, he pronounced it all a fable, and expressed his determination on the first occasion of the kind to keep watch and prove the truth of his assertion. Soon after this the only surviving heir of the Chief's family died, and on the evening appointed for the funeral, the skeptical Lowlander concealed himself in a corner of the rocks near the shore, to await the ceremony.

As the tide ebbd away, the funeral procession appeared, winding its slow length along. When the mourners came to the brink of the sea, they laid down the bier and slowly retired. The scene was singularly wild and striking. The sun had set, and the rising moon shed a mild lustre over the dark mountains and gray rocks. On the yellow sands lay the coffin of the dead, while in the distance rose the solitary rocks of Inch Kyle. The watcher, however, was not sentimentally inclined, and regarded the scene with indifference. But as the night wore on, feelings of loneliness, approaching to awe, stole over him, which he could not repress; and fortifying himself with a draught of "usequebaugh," he waited patiently the issue. Nor did he wait long, for ere the advancing tide had reached the shore, a faint sound of music was heard from the sea, which became louder, until small forms were seen emerging from the waves, and a train of people of diminutive size, and clad in ancient garb, was seen advancing slowly, preceded by the same mournful music. They advanced to the body of the Chief, which they raised, and bore it toward the sea, and as they went they sang "The last of his race! the last of his race! now must the isle perish, which our King gave to the fair Una when the daughter of the sea was wedded to the mighty Roderick."

Unfortunately, when they had proceeded thus far, the foremost of the band discovered the spy in his lurking-place. A shout of indignation was raised at the intrusion; the sky became overcast with clouds, a furious wind rushed down from the mountains, and in the confusion the sea people disappeared. When the adventurer recovered his senses, he found himself lying on the summit of the cliffs, the sun had risen in a cloudless sky, and no token of the midnight storm remained.

ed. On glancing seaward, he could see no trace of the Isle; it had disappeared, the people believing that the sea spirits had reclaimed the dower of their King's daughter. The rash spy, it is said, never recovered from his fright, and died soon after, which, the aged relative who told me the legend, said was owing to the anger of the fairies at his intrusion.
M. S. C. B.

Rev. A. W. Mann at Chicago.

(From our own Correspondent.)

CHICAGO, Ill., May 14, 1877.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—Yesterday Rev. A. W. Mann once more made his appearance in our midst after making an extended trip to the East. He conducted service as usual in St. James' Church. His sermon, though apparently confined to no particular topic, was exceedingly interesting. He very forcibly called attention to what a truly wonderful book the Bible is. It has withstood the wrecks and mutations of time. It has been instrumental in bringing about the grandest reforms, and has exerted the most beneficial influence towards the moral, social, and intellectual improvement of mankind. Its glorious truths shed forth a light upon the world which is brighter than the sun. The most systematic efforts to destroy it from the face of the earth have been utterly futile. The experiment of getting along without the Bible was tried in France once, but it resulted in such an unparalleled spread of vice, immorality and social degradation that it had to be speedily recalled, like some skillful general who was removed when no danger was in sight. This wonderful Book of books has occasioned great controversies among the powerful minds of the human race. Large volumes have been written from single texts; whole libraries have been written having the Bible for their fountain head. Why need we endure the oppressive heat of the torrid climes in search of diamonds, or risk the dangers of the wilderness in following that *ignis fatuus*, gold, when in our Bible we can find the most precious jewels that we can expect to enjoy either here or hereafter? "Search the Scriptures."

After the services were over we made the startling discovery that we were locked up in the church. The timid began to look blue and ask what shall we do if the church should take fire. A fellow, looking at a window of beautiful colored glass, put in, "Why, just burst through that window." Another inquired whether they wouldn't get mad if we broke the glass. "Let 'em," said the other fellow, "I attach a slight value to my life, besides the fire would smash them up just as effectually as we could." Mr. Mann slyly remarked that we were not very sorry for being locked up, for why?—we had an extra chance to talk with the girls. We finally managed to get out before very much damage was done to our patience.

On the 11th inst. I was most agreeably surprised by a call from my old friend E. D. Hunter, from Danville, Ky., where he was educated. He was one of the first type-setters of the Ky. *Deaf-Mute*, and was for a long time an indispensable part of that concern. Having graduated last year, he has gone out to make his way in the world as a typo. He has already secured employment and will make his home in this city.

DIXIE.

Death and Funeral Services of Mrs. Jane Berrien.

At every milestone in the journey of life some one is left behind by the busy, moving throng. Long cherished hopes and fond determinations are alike swept away by the uncompromising hand of death. He does his work so silently that it is but by the melancholy invitation to attend the last ceremonies over the remains of a dear departed friend that we are reminded of his presence amongst us. Lately death has indeed been very active among the deaf-mutes, and their friends of this vicinity, especially during the last week. We are at present called upon to mourn the loss of one of the best friends of the deaf and dumb in the person of the wife of Daniel Berrien, Esq., and an aunt of Miss Jennie Boughton of this institution. For a long time the deceased had been suffering from pneumonia in its worst form, but bore her affliction with fortitude and resignation until it pleased the Lord to release her from all earthly pain. The first intimation we received of her change for the worse was the sudden call home of her niece Jennie, last Monday morning; she arrived too late, however, for her aunt had breathed her last and closed her eyes in that dreamless slumber to awake in that upper and better country.

Her death occurred at St. James' Hotel in this city, on Monday morning, May 21st. The funeral services were held at St. Ann's Church, 18th St. and 5th Ave., on Wednesday, May 23, at 2 o'clock p.m. The members of the first class of this institution, of which Miss Boughton is a member, with their teacher, attended in a body. Dr. Gallaudet conducted the services and delivered a short eulogy in commendation of the character and services of the deceased, which was interpreted for the benefit of the deaf-mutes in attendance by Dr. Peet. Upon the conclusion of the services the remains were taken to Greenwood cemetery for interment.

The many friends of Miss Boughton sympathize with her in her sad bereavement and trust that her almighty Father will give her courage to bear the great affliction he has thought proper to bring upon her.

"Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where waves resound to woe;
Thou' over many head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save."

WILL WIMBLE.

New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, May 24th, 1877.

Salom Notes.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Sunday, May 13th, was a very pleasant day for the deaf-mutes here, and I hope a profitable one too. The weather was all that could be desired. As usual the Sunday-school or Bible class was held in the forenoon under my charge. The lesson being on "Jeha the King" in common with other Sunday Schools. In the afternoon our members again met together in joyous anticipation of seeing our respected brother, J. T. Tillinghast of New Bedford, Mass., who was to occupy our pulpit for the second time, and for whom we had been waiting several weeks. His presence seems to be felt and eagerly sought for by those who know him. He is not thoroughly acquainted with our signs but improves rapidly with practice, and he will be found a valuable friend to the deaf-mutes.

Precisely at 2:30 p. m. he entered the pulpit and read the hymn, "Safely through another week, God has led us on our way," and then read the 39th Psalm, and after prayer took for his subject "Our duty." His remarks were well-timed, and were just what many deaf-mutes should know and think about, and I will here make a few extracts from them for the benefit of your readers. He began by saying that he hoped all present had professed a belief in Christ and to these he would say that their duty had just begun. They had become disciples of Christ and their duty as such was to lead others to Him according to the commandment "Go ye into all the world," &c. He was glad that there were some disciples among the deaf-mutes, and referred to a lady of Lowell who had been instrumental in converting two brothers of different societies to Christ. He gave several illustrations among which was the story of a man who had been an infidel for years, and who purchased all the books he could find on the subject until he had a large library. While Moody was in Boston he was continually talking of his favorite doctrine, pointing to his large number of books as proof of what he said. One day he asked himself the question: "Am I right? If I am, all others are wrong, and how many are there that believe as I do? That question was finally settled by his going home and gathering his books together and burning them that they might not lead others astray. Mr. Tillinghast advised us to show ourselves men and women to the world, for although we were deaf and dumb we could reason and think, and read the Bible and believe it, as well as others, and he hoped that no man would sell his birthright for money or position. He said that after conversion the question naturally arose as to the church with which we should be identified. He did not think there were any sects in heaven. A man who said his belief was the best or the only right one, and was continually seeking to lead others from their own church to join another, was doing very wrong. He advised us to join some church after careful thought, and to do it publicly, thus showing our faith in our belief, and encouraging others to follow our example. He spoke of a man who had joined six different churches and now professed to be an evangelist. He had been unsuccessful in business pursuits and had seen much trouble. There were many proselytes scattered all over the country trying to lead others from their church and a religion in many cases taught them by their parents and in which they had found peace and comfort, to join some other. He told us to heed them not, but to be happy in our first decision, and to live and die in it, and quoted Matthew 23d chapter and 15th verse. He also told us how hard such men labored to make proselytes, not to benefit their souls or to bring them nearer to God, but to swell their societies and to get their money. He spoke of the men sent out by the Mormons to make proselytes, and how disappointed many were on going among them to find how they had been deceived. He quoted "The nation and the people who shall not serve me shall perish," &c., and now the Mormons were preparing to defend their institutions. He thought they would eventually become extinct. He told us in closing, not to forget God, but to fear him and keep his commandments for this is the whole duty of man. Mr. Tillinghast's remarks were very closely listened to, and at the close much satisfaction was expressed and a wish to see him again.

Brother G. A. Holmes of Boston was present, and also Miss Barnard of Lowell. The evening prayer meeting was well attended and all present but two stood up for Jesus. Brother Holmes' remarks were as usual—interesting. He is to officiate for us in June, and I will try and give your readers in this vicinity notice of the day through your columns that they may have an opportunity to be present.

Occasional.

Tillie Nutting's Surprise Birthday Party.

There is in our vicinity in Richland, a deaf-mute, Miss Tillie Nutting, living with a benevolent and respected lady named Mrs. Charles Calkins. On the 16th inst., occurred the birthday of Tillie, and Mrs. C. was desirous to acquiesce in the pleasure of Tillie and several of her friends by giving her a surprise party. Accordingly she consulted with another mute, Mrs. Jones, and through her had invitations despatched to the mute friends, and by Mrs. C. to the speaking ones requesting them to be at her residence on the aforesaid day.

Mrs. Chandler, Miss Avery, Mr. H. L. Ball and Mr. and Mrs. Burdick of Mexico, and Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Jones and Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Jones, of Pulaski, were invited, and came just the right time. While darkness was approaching, Miss N. and a friend were in the back parlor enjoying a pleasant conversation, unaware of the arrival of what else was coming on that evening except the friend in conversation.

By and by all approached the parlors greatly to the surprise of Tillie but much more to her delight, as she was very much pleased to meet her friends. After the subsidence of the surprise and Tillie finding what was intended, they congratulated her. The evening was enjoyed pleasantly in the various entertainments offered until we were called to an excellent supper set out by Mrs. C. and Mrs. Burdick. Mrs. C. had prepared an abundance of very nice cakes, biscuits, sauces, etc., of which all partook heartily. The remainder of the evening was spent in social and gleeful conversation and with fun and play, until a very late hour when all at last took their departure for their homes.

The night was intensely dark, but all, by the aid of lanterns, arrived safely home. An opportunity of this kind is not frequently given to deaf-mutes by any lady or gentleman for whom they are working. Mrs. C. is a lady with a remarkable spirit and benevolence, and has always shown herself very friendly to deaf-mutes. She has made Tillie a present of a beautiful dress and a needle-box, for which Tillie must feel very thankful, and also for the good home and friends she has in the Calkins family.

E. T. J.
Richland, N. Y., May 17th, 1877.

The Funeral Services of Mrs. Thomas H. Gallaudet.

(From our own Correspondent.)

HARTFORD, Conn., May 17, 1877.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—The intensity of the weather makes the pupils feel quite uneasy, and they are in a hurry for the term to close. They begin to count the days, and are in full anticipation of meeting their parents before long.
One of the pupils is quite ill. Only a few days ago he was not expected to live, but now there is hope of his recovery. A few weeks ago, when it was quite cool, he laid aside his flannels and took cold; a bad cold it was, for his lungs were so affected as to bring on pneumonia. It is a warning to all of us.

In consequence of the demise of Mrs. Sophia Gallaudet, we were called upon to mourn. Her remains were brought to this place for interment.
School was dismissed on the afternoon of the 15th inst., out of respect to the departed mother of the deaf-mutes. At half past two o'clock a procession of the older scholars of both sexes wended its way down Asylum street to the Center Church, on Main St. Arriving there, the pupils were given seats on the right side of the main aisle just opposite the mourners. The front seats were occupied by the directors of the American Asylum for the deaf and dumb. Next were the teachers with their wives, and farther back were the pupils.

The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Richardson, pastor of the Center Church. Remarks were then made by Rev. J. R. Keep, who gave the history, in brief, of her education. He said that sixty years ago Hartford was a small place, having no showy buildings and but few people. There was no school for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, nor were deaf-mutes noticed. About this time Mr. Thomas H. Gallaudet finished his collegiate course and was studying law. There was some supernatural influence which induced him to change his profession. Then he studied theology and was ordained a minister of the gospel. It happened that at one time he met a party of girls at play. And every eye was on one of them, for she was deaf and dumb, and could converse a little by a few natural signs. She was a very amiable child, and her name was Alice Cogswell, a daughter of a Dr. Cogswell. Rev. Mr. Gallaudet's attention was attracted by this little girl, and a heaven-sent idea came into his mind. He thought how he might educate her. To teach her to speak was next to an impossibility. He had been informed that there were schools for the instruction of the deaf and dumb in Europe. And he volunteered to go there and gain some knowledge of the art of educating the unfortunates. First Mr. Gallaudet went to London to learn the art, but the door was closed against him, admission being refused.

Happening to meet the late Abbe Sicard with two of his deaf-mute pupils who were holding exhibitions, Mr. Gallaudet was kindly invited to visit the deaf and dumb school in Paris, France. There he found the door to educating the deaf and dumb open to him, and he embraced the opportunity. Not having time he was obliged to leave for home before obtaining the entire system, and was fortunate enough to obtain the consent of Laurent Clerc to return to America with him. They came here and established a school for the education of the deaf and dumb. Oh, what a blessing it was!

Alice Cogswell, Wilson Whiton and Geo. H. Loring were the first pupils and as the school progressed, news spread throughout the land and now there are some forty similar schools in our own country.

Rev. Mr. Gallaudet had a class assigned him and his pupils showed satisfactory progress. One of his pupils, Miss Sophia Fowler, won his affections, and this lady he married to the surprise of his friends. Prejudice was created against speaking persons holding any marriage ties with deaf-mutes, who were low in the estimation of the public. Mrs. Gallaudet gave birth to eight children, and her maternal care has brought them up to places of honor and distinction—two of her daughters left their earthly pilgrimage some twenty-five or thirty years ago. Mr. Keep was quite affected while speaking.

The Hon. Henry Barnard then made few remarks; he spoke of the pleasantness and the dignified bearing of the lady, Mrs. Gallaudet. He was in Washington a few weeks ago and had the pleasure of meeting her there. He said he thought she might live some years longer.

Mrs. Sophia Gallaudet being married to Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet embraced

religion and became a member of the Centre Congregational Church. She was faithful as a sister in the church, and held to the faith till the last. While on her knees in prayer, her hands clasped, the angel of the Lord bid her leave her earthly pilgrimage and come to her heavenly abode. O, how blessed it is to die happy in the Lord.

At the close of the services the pupils marched in single file down the aisle each took up a bouquet, and, as they went to take a last look at the companion of their great benefactor, placed it upon the casket as an act of their affection for the deceased. This single act affected many to tears.

The services were interpreted in the sign language for the deaf-mutes present by Professor D. E. Bartlett.

Present I noticed among the mourners Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and wife, their son, now a student of Trinity College; Mr. W. P. Gallaudet, of New York, a Wall St. broker; William Gallaudet; Dr. Bern Budd and wife and son; Rev. H. Clay Trumbull and wife, and E. M. Gallaudet, Ph. D., President of the National Deaf-mute College, Washington, D. C.

The venerable widow of Laurent Clerc was present, and also Prof. Job Turner.

Prof. Turner was the only deaf-mute from out of town. He heard of the demise of Mrs. Gallaudet, while in Boston, and came with the determination of honoring the occasion with his presence.

He is now enjoying the hospitality of the American Asylum, and proves to be a pleasant and agreeable guest.

Mrs. Eliza Clerc is also stopping at the American Asylum. She is not as well as she has been of late years. Time is telling upon her frame. I think she is the oldest deaf-mute living, being 84 years of age.

Rev. W. W. Turner is not as well as formerly. He is apparently sinking under the weight of years. He is quite feeble now, but goes out riding when the weather is pleasant.

The remains of Mrs. Gallaudet were taken to Cedar Hill for interment, where now stands a granite monument to the memory of Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet. The flowers were contributed by the teachers and pupils of the American Asylum. On the top of the monument there is a fine marble vase, which may be used to hold flowers. The mourners took some small bouquets of flowers cast in by the pupils as tokens of remembrance.

OLD HICKORY.

New York Institution Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

It is a sad duty for a correspondent to be obliged to record a death, and doubly so when, as in the present case, the deceased was a dear and valued friend.

Yes, the Angel of Death has come among us again and called away one whom it would seem could least have been spared.

On Thursday morning, May 10th, Miss Lueta Odell breathed her last at her home in this city, after a lingering and painful sickness of sixteen weeks, resulting from an affection of the heart, causing dropsy.

She was a member of the High Class of our Institution, and, had she lived, would have graduated at the close of the term. As a member of the High Class, she was ever a model of womanly propriety to her younger school-mates; it was, indeed, a rare thing to see a frown upon her sweet face; and for these reasons and others she was a great favorite with the officers and teachers.

One year ago, following the convictions of her own heart, she applied for admission to St. Ann's Episcopal Church, and was accepted and confirmed by Bishop Potter. Since that time she has often attended the services and partaken of the Communion, so that during her long illness she enjoyed the unspeakable consolations of religion; not once did her faith waver, nor did she mourn her lot. Dr. Gallaudet administered the Holy Communion to her some time before her death. She died peacefully and happily in the presence of many sorrowing friends and relatives; her last words, addressed to her family, were, "All!" "All!" "All!" with a gesture pointing upwards, by which she wished to tell them all to meet her in heaven.

The funeral took place on Saturday evening, the 12th inst., at St. Ann's. Nearly all of our teachers attended. The High Class was present in a body, and six of the young gentlemen acted as pallbearers. Dr. Gallaudet conducted the services orally, Dr. Peet interpreting. Afterwards Dr. Peet made some remarks, and attested to the piety and Christian character of the deceased as his pupil. Then the Rev. Dr. Hastings, pastor of her family, made some remarks. As pastor of her father's family, he had become well acquainted with her; and although he had never learned to converse with her in her own language, the best understanding had always existed between them, nevertheless. He said that from a long experience he had become able to tell from their faces whether people were Christians or not, and never, said he, did he see a face that expressed such Christian piety, and such sweet resignation to the will of her Maker, as that of Miss Odell.

Dr. Gallaudet closed with a prayer. Her remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery, those who could, attending in the grave.

The annual election of the Board of Directors took place on Tuesday, the 15th, and we had an exhibition in the afternoon, as is the custom. The guests were very numerous, owing to the superior attractions of the Carnival which was going on in the city, but there were enough to make a tolerable showing.

I will describe the exhibition as well as I can remember, as I have few notes.

First, a little girl who had been here only a few weeks, came up, and Mr. Reeves showed us what progress she had made during her short sojourn with us.

She could designate many different objects by their names, or point out their names when the objects were shown to her; she could also pick out every letter of the alphabet in regular order from words written on the slates.

Then six little girls from Mr. Reeves' class took their places at the slates; some were very small, hardly more than "knee high." They did very well, however, in spite of their diminitiveness. They could describe in simple sentences anything you did before them, and, in short, passed first-rate.

Then six little boys from the Mansion House, under Miss Laura C. Rice, came up to show their proficiency. They had been here longer than the little girls just exhibited, and showed a little more knowledge of language, and on the whole did very well.

Miss Handy, our teacher in articulation by the "visible speech" method, then showed us some of the results of her art. Miss Ella Dillingham, one of her pupils, a young lady of the first class, could write in symbols any sound her teacher made or repeat it herself, although she was originally deaf and dumb. If every deaf-mute can be made to do as well as she, "visible speech" is worth something after all.

Then Dr. Peet showed us the skill in lip reading of Miss Caddie Felver, a young girl of Mr. Currier's class. She could easily read from the lips anything Dr. Peet said and besides could herself talk as plain and distinctly as any one present. If I could beat that I should be perfectly resigned to remaining as deaf as a post, for then I would possess all the sweets and none of the bitters of hearing persons. To be sure, I could not hear music, but what would it matter since there is so little of that that is really good.

The next thing in the programme was the exhibition of some of the High Class. Six boys and girls, Thomas Fox, Wm. Leming, Albert Ballin, Misses Ellen J. Bearley, Mary Barrager, and Annie Bryan took their places at the slates and each wrote a short impromptu salutation to the guests.

While they were writing, Miss Florence H. Jones rendered in graceful and expressive signs Shelley's beautiful poem, "The Cloud," beginning thus:

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the sea and the stream;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.

Many of us had read it, but in the hands of the fair signer it gained new grace and beauty and became ethereal. Could Shelley himself have but seen it, he would, I am sure, have thought it a rare treat.

Then the salutations were read. I have not space to transcribe them all here, and did not copy them all, but the following by Mr. Thos. Fox will serve as a specimen.

"Carnival time does not seem to have much effect on our friends, judging from the assembly here present. It gives us much pleasure to extend a humble welcome to all who had rather pay a visit to the silent community, than remain at home to view the grand entry of King Rex. Though we are absent from this grand reception, we are nevertheless pleased at his entry into our city, and the next time we meet him we shall apologize for our absence and are sure of his forgiveness as we have kept his command and observed the day in a befitting manner."

After this the words, *President, benevolent, Amazon river, England and Turkey* were given them, and they were required to weave them all into one sentence. Here are a couple of specimens—

"The President of the United States, a benevolent gentleman, wants Turkey to fight England on the Amazon river."
"The President of the U. S. crossed the Amazon river and declared war against England and Turkey, in which there was much benevolent fighting."

It was now getting so late that the exercises were closed by repeating the Lord's prayer by all the pupils in concert.

After supper there was a social reunion in the young ladies' sitting room, while at the same time there was held a stereoscopic-musical entertainment in the chapel, admission 25 cents. This entertainment was one of the best we have had, the music being splendid and the pictures very fine. Had it not been for the carnival, the profits might have been doubled.

Mr. Waters, a student of the sophomore class of Washington College, made us a short visit the other day.

At the time I last wrote the Hudsons were on the eve of a match with the Jaspers. The match took place but was broken up in consequence of unfair ruling by the umpire who was one of the Jaspers. In the first innings the Hudsons gained 6 runs while the Jaspers were whitewashed every time. After that the umpire began to rule against our club till the Jaspers had 11 runs and the Hudsons 8, when the play was stopped.

It had been fixed to play the Harlem's on last Saturday, but when the time came only one appeared with a dubious story about six of his men being sick!

MILQ.
New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, May 18th, 1877.

Information Wanted.

The Legislature has adjourned, and it is now in order for the *Educator* to tell all about Assembly bill No. 291. The general miscellany of friends and enemies of the institution will be deeply interested in the narrative.

A SUBSCRIBER.

—On the afternoon of the 19th inst., some of the friends of G. W. Irish gave him quite a surprise—the occasion being his birthday. A very pleasant time was had.

—Magnificent display of Northern Lights Monday night.

Literary Notices.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for June is rich in its views of foreign life—"To Damascus by Diligence," which sounds as uncomfortable as it is interesting; "A State Ball in Constantinople," an Account of the Life of Ivan Tourgenieff; "Tradition Music of the Spanish Pyrenees," a gossip article about Dismal (Lord Beaconsfield), and "How it (Reform of the Civil Service) was done in Great Britain" comprising the list. There is a profusely illustrated article on "Croton Water," with interesting anecdotes of the persons and things appertaining to the aqueduct. Mrs. Bennett has a short story of Franco-American life in Paris, "Le Monsieur de la Petite Dame." Charles Dudley Warner has a study of character, "Calvin." "Nicholas Minturn" is continued through several chapters, and there are a number of contributors of poetry, among whom are Mrs. Thaxter, Mrs. Patti, Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, and C. T. Dasey. The magazine is rich this month in miscellaneous work, including some interesting, if short, articles on "The World's Work."

St. Nicholas for June is as bright as the June sunshine, and full of June breeziness and cheer. The frontispiece is a fine picture of "A June Morning," and at the close of the number Prof. Proctor shows "The Stars in June," while between these two we find many of the delightful scenes with which every June day is filled. It would fill a volume to give the slightest ideas of the wise, witty and comical stories, poems and illustrations between the covers of St. Nicholas. What better can be done than to give the surplussage advice to every boy and girl:—Get one of your own.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.—The contents of this magazine for June are light and varied. The number opens with two finely illustrated articles—the second of Lady Blanche Murphy's agreeable Rhine Sketches, and the concluding papers on the Valleys of Peru. Under the title of "Curious Complex," Rev. William M. Baker recounts some of his experiences as a pastor in the South. Albert Rhodes discusses the question of Chinese immigration, apropos of the colony at Beaver Falls, and Edith C. Gale gives an account of the quaint superstitions still cherished by the Tyrolean peasantry. The stories are numerous and good. In the way of poetry there is a dainty bit of verse by Paul H. Hayne, a string of wedding sonnets by Emma Lazarus, and a "Sleeping Song," paraphrased from Theocritus. The editorial departments are full and interesting.

THE NURSERY for June will hit the tastes of the little folks or we miss our guess. "Arthur's New Sloop," "Playing Soldier," "Madie's Visit at Grandpa's," "Bye-land," and "The Puppy and the Wasp" are some of the best little stories, in prose and poetry, but they make only a beginning of the good things that follow. This number closes the half yearly volume. During the coming month will be an excellent time to secure new subscribers.

Mr. Lover tells a good story of an Irishman giving the password at the battle of Fontenoy, at which the great Saxe was marshal. Colonel—The password is Saxe; now don't forget it, Pat. Pat—"Sacks! I faith and I will not. Wasn't my father a miller?" "Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, after he had arrived at his post. Pat was as wise as an owl, and in a sort of whispered howl replied: "Eags, yer honor."

The sea holds 60,000,000,000,000 tons of salt. Should the sea be dried up, there would be a deposit of salt over the entire bottom of the ocean 550 feet deep, and if the salt were taken and spread on the land it would cover it to a depth of 900 feet.

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:
Flour, (retail) \$10.00, red \$11.25, white, 10.75
Meal, (retail) \$10.00, 1.40
Shorts, \$1.00, 1.25
Shipments, \$1.00, 1.25
Middlings, \$1.00, 1.25
Corn, 75
Oats, 50 @ 55

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE:
Butter, 10 @ 30
Loose Butter, 10 @ 14
Cheese, 14
Lard, 13
Eggs, \$1.00, 1.25
Beef \$1.00, 1.25
Pork, \$1.00, 1.25
Mutton, \$1.00, 1.25
Pork, \$1.00, 1.25
Apples, (dried), \$1.00, 1.25
Ham, \$1.00, 1.25
Dried Poultry, \$1.00, 1.25
Potatoes, \$1.00, 1.25
Beef Hides, per lb. 4 @ 5

Housekeepers Take Notice.
Oswego Flour, Winter, \$2.50; Spring, \$2.60.
Kerosene oil, 20 lbs. per gallon.
One Dollar Tea, 50 @ 1.20.
Salt, 50 @ 1.20.
50lb. Butter Tubs, 25 cents.
New Orleans \$1.00 Molasses, 70 cts. @ gal.
The poor can have it cheaper.
W. O. JOHNSON,
Washington St., Mexico.

Call at Woodruff & Cobb's store and get a package of the California Soap Plant. It has been tried at our house, and is very much liked.

A few bushels nice beans wanted by 28 WOODRUFF & COBB.

A fine new line of molasses at cheap prices at 28 WOODRUFF & COBB.

That 40 ct. Tea is all that is claimed for it. Try it.

We have some A. No. 1 Pork, which with our Fine Potatoes and Beans, makes a dish fit for a king.

Bring on your Eggs and get some. 29-2 WOODRUFF & COBB.

Here and There.

—Begin to save your flowers for Decoration day.
—James Driggs has a handsome new flower-urn in his yard.
—Fred Boylan and wife have gone to Wolcott to visit his mother.
—Asa Beebe's barn has been moved nearer to, and behind his house.
—Mrs. Samuel Smith has a new fence in front of her residence.
—Mexico was well represented at Barnum's show at Oswego on Tuesday.
—Dr. Fred Smith is in town again. And now for some more big fish stories.
—We regret to learn that Mr. Francis Villiard is confined to his house by sickness.
—C. H. Pendleton, a former resident of this place, has been in town for a few days.
—James M. Brown has graded his front yard, and is preparing to build a new fence.
—Rev. T. A. Weed is in attendance upon the Presbyterian General Assembly in Chicago.

—The Helicon band again favored our citizens with their inspiring music, last Saturday evening.
—Call no man happy when he tries to make garden and his neighbors' hens are not shut up.

—At a meeting of the firemen, held on Wednesday evening of last week, Mr. E. Williams was made an honorary member.
—Two large loons were captured alive in Prattville last week. One was caught by Mr. S. F. Emory, and the other by Mr. Tripp.

—The Sandy Creek factory sold its cheese last week to Mr. Hoose, of Mexico, for 14½ cents per pound.—Pulsaski Democrat.

—There is considerable excitement in two or three houses in this village, and it means something. Wait, and you will know all about it.

—The legislature has passed a bill giving supervisors authority to reduce the number of coroners in a county, and also to regulate their salary.

—G. W. Whitaker and Mary R. Hutchinson of Oswego county have been elected members of the Central New York Medical Association.

—Last Monday, Dr. Bradbury sold three hens which weighed altogether 23 pounds. We do not wonder that the doctor wears such good clothes.

—Mrs. Fetcha, of this village, has lived to be 57 years of age without drinking any tea, and she looks none the worse for it.

—We understand that some of our business men are preparing for publication a list of those who will not pay their debts. Now is a good time to settle up.

—On Thursday last Jennie and Johnnie Kilham brought us a pair of very nice apples. We need hardly assure our young friends that their present was appreciated.

—Rev. James A. Skinner preached in the Presbyterian church last Sunday. He always preaches well, but hissermons were more than usually interesting last Sabbath.

—Frank G. Smith has an ewe that has dropped three lambs. The neighbors say that the unusually large family of said ewe is due in some degree to the influence of blue glass.

—George Davis is having a fine boat built, which is made for both oars and sail, and when completed it will cost about fifty dollars. It was made by that skillful workman, D. Walters, of Texas.

—Mr. E. Cone has gone to the Thoms and Island Park, where he will stay during the summer. If he continues as good-natured as he has been here, he, and all about him, will have a good time.

—Judge Noxon refused to entertain a motion by Judge Huntington in regard to printing the points for the purpose of appealing the Greenfield case to the General term. The motion must be heard by Judge Merwin.

—At a meeting held after the regular morning services in the Presbyterian church, last Sunday, it was unanimously voted that the Rev. T. A. Nelson, of New York, be invited to occupy the pulpit for three months.

—The Independent complains that some of the ushers in Mexico churches wear boots that squeak too loud. Squeaky boots were designed for young men who part their hair in the middle and come in late to attract attention.—Fulton Times.

To Dairyman.
The Cream Color Extract kept by J. C. Taylor, and sold in quantities from half pint to one bbl., is the strongest and best preparation we ever used. We unqualifiedly recommend it to all dairymen for coloring purposes.

Geo. A. Davis, Union Factory, C. G. DEWEY, Dewey Factory, Mexico, May 22, 1877. 30-3m

Sunday School Convention.
The Albion Sunday School Union will hold its second convention of 1877 at the Baptist church, 2½ miles west of Sand Bank, Sunday, May 27, 1877, at 2:30 p. m. The meeting will be addressed by Rev. E. J. Phillips, of Nebraska, and Rev. Mr. Curtis, of Sand Bank. The secretaries of all the Sunday Schools in the town of Albion are requested to be present to report to the Association the condition of their respective schools.

Text Books in Schools.

The following is Mr. C. R. Skinner's act in relation to text books for schools: AN ACT to prevent changes of text books in schools.

The People of the State of New York represented in Senate and Assembly do enact as follows:

Section 1. The boards of education or such bodies as perform the functions of such boards, in the several cities and villages of this State, shall have power and it shall be their duty to adopt and designate text books to be used in the schools under their charge in their respective districts. In the other school districts in the State the text books to be used in the schools therein shall be designated at the first annual school meeting held after the passage of this act, by a two-thirds vote of all the legal voters present and voting at such school meeting.

Section 2. When a text book shall have been adopted for use in any of the public or common schools in this State, as provided in the first section of this act, it shall not be lawful to supersede the text book so adopted by any other book within a period of five years from the time of such adoption, except upon a three-fourths vote of the board of education, or of such body as performs the functions of such board, where such board has made the designation, or upon a three-fourths vote of the legal voters present and voting at the annual school meeting in any other school district.

Section 3. Any person or persons violating any of the provisions of this act shall be liable to a penalty of not less than fifty dollars nor more than one hundred dollars for every such violation, to be sued for by any taxpayer of the school district and recovered before any justice of the peace, said fine when collected, to be paid to the collector or treasurer for the benefit of said school district.

Section 4. This act shall take effect immediately.

Decoration Day.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.
Line will be formed on Church St. at 1:30 p. m., and will march in the following order:

Mexico Helicon Band.
Veterans of army and navy.
Huntington Guards, under command of Capt. E. L. Huntington.
Columbo Cornet Band.
Fire Department, under command of Chief John Wing.
Schools and citizens.
As soon as the line is formed, it will march to the cemetery, where the Veterans and Guards will proceed at once to decorate the graves, after which an address will be delivered by Hon. N. B. Smith, of Pulsaski.

Committee on flowers will meet at Mayo Hall on Wednesday at 9 a. m., at which time and place all who have or can procure flowers will please contribute them and unite with the committee in arranging the same.

Veteran soldiers of this and all adjoining towns are urgently requested to join in these ceremonies, and so far as possible to appear with their corps badge, or if these are not now attainable with simple rosette of red, white and blue.

Rosettes that were worn last year can be had at Mayo Hall, where the veterans will meet to form in line.

For fear that some members of the various committees may not be aware of their duties or have forgotten their appointment, we again publish the

LIST OF COMMITTEES.
General Com.—E. L. Huntington, E. D. Goit, M. L. Wright, L. H. Conklin, A. C. Thomas.
On Flowers.—L. H. Conklin, C. F. Tuller, Mrs. Dr. Rundell, Mrs. James Driggs.
On Speaker.—V. S. Stone, L. H. Conklin, G. H. Goodwin, E. L. Huntington.
On Music.—L. Miller.
On Speaker's Stand.—E. C. Knight, T. Wheeler, W. A. Robbins.
On Finance.—L. W. Robinson, L. L. Virgil.
Marshall.—Newton Hall.

Something Now that is Worthy of Every Lady's Attention.

The Jamestown Alpaca are warranted not to pucker in a shower; not to shrink in washing; not to crumple easily; to be fully 27 inches wide; and to be equal in durability and color to the best foreign goods in the market. They are so thoroughly shrunken in finishing as to be unaffected by dampness. They may therefore be washed and done up like linen without the least injury. They have a rich luster and are extremely nice for the money.

It will pay you well to call and see them at STONE, ROBINSON & CO.'S.

THE LEADER, a monthly musical paper for the musical million, has just been enlarged to double its former size and the publisher makes the following liberal offer to subscribers for 1877.

Each number will contain an illustrated forty cent piece of piano music, folded in with the paper, and in addition to this each subscriber will be presented with one dollar's worth of new music as a premium. When we consider that the subscription price is only one dollar per year, it must be acknowledged that this is a most liberal offer made by any music publisher in the country, and it is not surprising that the Leader is rapidly attaining an immense circulation. Jean White, publisher, 226 Washington St., Boston.

—Amos Thomas has a handsome new platform spring wagon, which for style of workmanship and finish, can hardly be excelled. He bought it of George A. Penfield, who has more of them which he will sell cheap for cash. Call and learn his prices—it will pay you.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal FOR 1877.

The acknowledged Organ of Literature for the Deaf and Dumb; has the

Widest Circulation and the Best Staff of Correspondents

of any paper of the kind in the entire universe. It is non-political in sentiment, high-toned in moral characteristics; a champion of the truth; a defender of the helpless, and contains

MORE INTERESTING NEWS AND READING MATTER

relating to the Deaf-mutes than any other paper published.

As in the past, so in the future, the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL will be conducted in the interests of the DEAF-MUTES. Its columns will be interspersed with

CHOICE ARTICLES

of reading material suitable to the wants of our class of people. Domestic news paragraphs will be abundant and foreign topics freely supplied.

THE ITEMIZER.

This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and new paragraphs.

Our motto, as heretofore, will be to give subscribers their

FULL MONEY'S WORTH

of choice reading, and we shall endeavor to the utmost of our ability to furnish a paper that shall make all who invest money in the enterprise feel satisfied that they have made a

Good Bargain.

OUR ASSISTANT EDITORS, all of whom are so well and favorably known for their literary abilities, will be retained, and the JOURNAL will be conducted on a better plan than ever. Our Correspondents and Contributors, regular, special and occasional, embracing writers of moral articles, and spicy productions will supply our readers with interesting reading matter suited to the tastes of the grave and sedate, and spice that will be relished by the gay and young.

We shall fill weekly as many columns of space during the year as we can in our Paper with

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For the benefit of the

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consisting of editorials, current news, interesting stories, information respecting the Institutions for Deaf-mutes, the workings of Deaf-mute Societies and Clubs, deaths, marriages and births, news items, and all that go to make up a paper of the most improved and progressive style. The remaining columns of our Paper will contain reading matter well worthy of perusal. The past history of THE DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL is a

SUFFICIENT GUARANTY

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HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office in Mexico Hotel. Entrance on Church Street. Office hours 9 to 10 a. m., and 1 to 2 and 7 to 9 p. m. All cases will receive prompt attention. 24-ly

REAL HAIR SWITCHES

For sale at A. L. Mason's. Also Madam Foy's patent Corset Skirt Supporter.
Mexico, May 19, 1876.

H. H. DOBSON,

Dentist.
Nitrous oxide or laughing gas for extracting teeth without pain.
Dental ways on hand. All work warranted and at the lowest living prices. Office over H. C. Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y.

J. D. HARTSON,

Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office over Stone, Robinson & Co's Store, Main St.

Wm. H. HALL,

Barber and Hair Dresser.
Particular attention paid to Shampooing, and the cutting of ladies' and children's hair.
Shop on Main street, Mexico.

SURROGATES COURT.

A Surrogate's Court will be held at the Court House in Oswego City on the first Thursday of each month at my office in Mexico on Monday (2nd) of each month, and on the 10th of February, April, July and October; at the office of J. W. Fenton in Pulsaski, on the 2nd Wednesday of February, first Wednesday of July, and first Wednesday of October; at the office of H. A. Bradbury in Phoenix, on the first Tuesday of May and September during the year 1876.

T. W. SKINNER, Surrogate

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—In pursuance of an order of T. W. Skinner, Surrogate of Oswego County, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of West Moore, deceased, to present the same, with the vouchers thereof, to Wm. B. Parkhurst, Executor, at his residence, in Hastings, County of Oswego, N. Y., on or before the first day of June, 1877, or they will lose the benefit of the statute in such case made and provided.—Dated Nov. 25, 1876.

WM. B. PARKHURST, Executor.

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Legally and quietly obtained in every State and Territory, for INCOMPATIBILITY and other causes, no matter where the parties reside. Correspondence with the legal profession invited. 44-ly

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I will mail (free) the recipe for preparing a simple VERMOREL BALM that will remove TAN, LEAD, and all other blemishes from the face, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address Ben. Vandell & Co., Box 5121, No. 5 Wooster St. N. Y. 12-6m

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QUEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for the privilege of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing out of advertising. 7-5m

Farms for Sale

One farm of 111½ acres in Palermo. 100 acres improved and well watered, and is now carrying 20 cows. Price, \$30 per acre.

Another farm of 74½ acres, lately owned by J. W. Howard, good buildings, price \$1,000; was sold by Howard for \$1,450.

One small place of five acres within one mile of Palermo, Mexico, with house and barn for \$500.

Also one cheap horse and democrat wagon for sale.

T. W. SKINNER, Mexico, N. Y., March 21st, 1877.

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D. C. MORSE, GEO. W. IRISH
Mexico, Jan. 11, 1876. 11

Buggy for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale an open Buggy. The buggy is in good condition, and will be sold cheap. Apply at my residence, one-half mile south of Mullen Hill school-house, in the town of New Haven.

C. L. WHITNEY.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of the Surrogate's Court, of Oswego County, made April 24, 1877, J. the administrator of the estate of Richard W. Jones, deceased, late of Richland, Oswego Co., shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at the law office of Skinner & Wright, in Mexico village, N. Y., on the 26th day of May, 1877, at 10 o'clock A. M., the following described real estate:—

All that tract or parcel of land situate in the town of Richland, County of Oswego and State of New York, known and described as part of lot No. 77 and 91 of the 21st township of Richland, containing 34 47-100 acres of land conveyed to Benjamin Cross and wife, in 1828, referenced to the Clerk's office, Book H of Deeds, page 75. Also 25 acres of land conveyed by William Tague and wife, in 1835, in the town of Richland, and being a part of lot No. 92 of the 21st township of Richland's patent, reference had to the Clerk's office in Book 36 of Deeds, pages 97 and 98. Also ten (10) acres of land in lots No. 77 and 91 in the 21st township of Richland's patent, deeded by George Giles and wife, in 1834, and recorded in Book V of Deeds, pages 2 and 3, of Oswego